



Thursday, March 13, 2008  
12:10 pm, Walter Hall

## Almost a Third Viennese School

### 3 Songs to texts of Heine

Alexander Rapoport

1. In mein gar zu dunkles Leben
2. Der Wind zieht seine hozen an
3. Mein susses Lieb

Heather Jewson, mezzo soprano  
Brian McDonagh, piano

### *Love....with Wings and Arrows*

Brian McDonagh

### 3 Songs to texts of Lorca

1. Ditty of first Desire
2. Prelude
3. Sonnet

Lorna MacDonald, soprano  
Brian McDonagh, piano

### Four Somber Songs

Nancy van de Vate

1. Eastern Front (Georg Trakl)
2. Alone (Edgar Allan Poe)
3. A Great Dark Sleep ( Paul Verlaine)
4. Mad Song (William Blake)

Heather Jewson, mezzo soprano  
Brian McDonagh, piano



Next on Thursdays at Noon Series  
**Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra**  
March 20, 2008

## Biographies

**BRIAN MCDONAGH** began his musical training at the age of fifteen. Two years later he made his orchestral debut with the Toronto Symphony performing the Schumann Piano Concerto. He has studied in Toronto, New York and Vienna working with Marietta Orlov, Garrick Ohlsson and Andreas Schiff. He received his Bachelors and Masters degrees in piano performance from the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto. He studied composition with Alexander Rapoport in Toronto and pursued post graduate studies in composition with Samuel Adler at the Juilliard School in New York City.

Mr. McDonagh has performed throughout Canada, Europe and the United States. His compositions have been performed and recorded by members of the Toronto Symphony and have been broadcast on the CBC in Canada and in Germany on the GRD. In 2001 he was a top prize winner in the 'Grieg International Competition for Composers' for his Second String Quartet 'Homage a Edvard Munch' and in 2002 he was one of five composers on the shortlist of the Avery Fisher Prize in New York. He was the recipient of the 2002 European Emerging Composer Award and in 2003 became a Leighton Fellow at the Banff Centre.

**ALEXANDER RAPOPORT** holds diplomas in composition and traditional composition from the Hochschule für Musik und darstellende Kunst (currently known as the Musik-Univversität) in Vienna and Master of Music and Doctor of Music degrees from the University of Toronto. His teachers and mentors include Augustin Kubizek, Karl Heinz Füssl, Oskar Morawetz, Lothar Klein and Derek Holman.

He has received commissions for works in such diverse media as orchestral, choral and chamber music, film scores, incidental music for live theatre and musical comedy. At the University of Toronto Rapoport holds a cross-appointment, teaching both at the Faculty of Music and in the Division of Humanities at the University of Toronto Scarborough Campus.

Soprano **LORNA MACDONALD** enjoys a career of distinction as a singer, voice teacher, and professor at the University of Toronto. In 2001 she received the honor of being named to the Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies. In 1997 she received Ontario's prestigious OCUFA Award for "teaching excellence and outstanding contributions to university teaching". Her students are found at major summer programs, international competitions and on opera and concert stages from Victoria to St. John's, and from Santa Fe to Venice.

Drei Lieder nach Texten von Heinrich Heine  
Three Songs on Texts of Heinrich Heine

1.

In mein gar zu dunkles Leben  
in my all too dark life  
Strahlte einst ein süßes Bild.  
shone once a sweet image  
Nun, das süße Bild erblichen,  
now the sweet image faded  
Bin ich gänzlich nachtumhüllt.  
am I fully covered in night

Wenn die Kinder sind im dunkeln

when the children are in the dark  
Wird beklommen ihr Gemüt,  
becomes oppressed their spirit  
Und um ihre Angst zu binden,  
and to their fear to control  
Singen sie ein lautes Lied.  
sing they a loud song

Ja, ich tolles Kind, ich singe

yes I mad child I sing

Jetzt in der Dunkelheit.

just so in the darkness

Klingt mein Lied auch nicht ergötzlich,

sounds my song even if not pleasant

Hat's mich doch von Angst befreit.

it has me yet from fear freed

2.

Der Wind zieht seine Hosen an,

the wind pulls his trousers on

Die weißen Wasserhosen,

the white water trousers

Er peitscht die Wellen so stark er kann,

he whips the waves as strong (as) he can

Die heulen und brausen und tosen.

they howl and bluster and rage

Aus dunkler Höh' mit wilder Macht

from dark heights with wild power

Die Regengüsse träufen.

The sheets of rain drop

Es ist, als wollt' die alte Nacht

it is as if wanted the ancient night

Das alte Meer ersäufen.

the ancient sea to drown

An den Mastbaum klammert die Möwe sich

to the mast klinks the seagull (reflexive pronoun)

Mit heiserem Schreien und Schrein.

with hoarse shrieking and screaming

Sie flattert und will gar ängstiglich

she flutters and would all fearful

Ein Unglück prophezeien.

A misfortune prophesy

3.

Mein süßes Lieb, wenn du im Grab,

my sweet love when thou in the grave

Im dunkeln Gram wirst liegen,

in the dark grave wilt lie

Dann will ich steigen zu dir hinab

then will I climb to thee down

Und laß mich an dich schmiegen

and let myself on thee caress (i.e., caress thee)

Ich küße, umschlinge und presse dich wild,

I kiss embrace and press thee wildly

Du stille, du kalte. Du bleiche, (Female singers: Du stiller, du kalter, du bleicher,)

thou still one thou cold one thou pale one

Ich jauchze, ich zittre, ich weine mild,

I exult I tremble I weep mildly (i.e., quietly)

Ich werde selber zur Leiche

I become myself (to) a corpse

Die Toten stehn auf, Mitternacht ruft,

the dead arise midnight calls

Sie tanzen im lichtigen Schwarme.

they dance in the light (i.e., shining) throng

Wir beiden bleiben in der Gruft,

we two remain in the tomb

Ich lieg in deinem Arme.

I lie in thine arm (i.e., arms)

Die Toten stehn auf, der Tag des Gerichts

the dead arise the day of judgment

Ruft sie zu Qual und vergnügen.

summons them to pain and pleasure

Wir beiden bekümmern uns um nichts,

we two concern ourselves with nothing

Wir bleiben hier umschlungen liegen.

We remain here in (our) embrace lying

LOVE

*(with Wings and Arrows)*

Ditty of First Desire

In the green morning  
I wanted to be a heart  
A heart.

And in the ripe evening  
I wanted to be a nightingale  
A nightingale

(Soul, turn orange-colored.  
Soul.  
Turn the color of love.)

In the vivid morning  
I wanted to be myself.  
A heart

And at the evening's end  
I wanted to be my voice.  
A nightingale.

Soul, turn orange-colored.  
Soul.  
Turn the color of love.

## *Prelude*

The poplar lanes move on  
but leave their  
rereflection.

The poplar lanes move on  
but leave us the wind.

The wind lies shrouded full  
length beneath the sky.

But floating on the rivers it  
has left its echoes.

The world of fireflies has  
invaded my memories.

And a tiny little heart is  
sprouting at my fingertips.

## SONNET

A specter trailing restless silver,  
the night wind with its sighing,  
reopened my old wound in its gray hands,  
moved on, and left me there desiring.

Wound of love, source to sustain my life  
with blood always new and light unblemished.  
Cleft in which the tongueless Philomel  
will find her nest, her grove, her grief replenished.

Ah, so sweet a sound inside my head!  
I shall lie down beside the simple flower  
on which your soulless beauty soars.

Then the meandering water will turn yellow  
as my blood keeps flowing through the marshy,  
moist and fragrant growth along the shores.

## TEXTS:

### I. EASTERN FRONT (Georg Iraki)

The wrath of the people is dark, Like the wild  
organ notes of winter storm. The battle's  
crimson wave, a naked Forest of stars.

With ravaged brows, with silver arms, To  
dying soldiers night comes beckoning, In the  
shade of the autumn ash Ghosts of the fallen  
are sighing.

Thorny wilderness girdles the town. The  
moon from bloody doorsteps chases Terrified  
women. Wild wolves have poured through the  
gates.

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from Holderlin to Rilke.' ed. Angel Flores. Doubleday and Co., Inc.  
Garden City, New York. 1960.  
Translated by C. Middleton.

### n. ALONE (Edgar Allan Poe)

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were — I have not seen As  
others saw — I could not bring My  
passions from a common spring. From  
the same source I have not taken My  
sorrow; I could not awaken My heart  
to joy at the same tone; And all I lov'd,  
I lov'd alone.

### III. MAD SONG (William Blake)

The wild winds weep.  
And the night is cold;  
Come. Sleep, And my  
griefs unfold:

To the vault Of paved heaven,  
With sorrow fraught, My  
notes are driven: They strike  
the ear of night, Make weep  
the eyes of day; Make mad the  
roaring winds, And with  
tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,  
With howling woe  
After night I do crowd,  
And with night will go;  
I turn my back to the east  
From whence comforts have increased;  
For light doth seize my brain  
With frantic pain.

### IV. A GREAT DARK SLEEP.... (Paul Verlaine)

A great dark sleep Has  
fallen on my life: Sleep,  
all hope, Sleep, all  
want.

I see nothing any more.  
I have lost memory Of  
good and of bad....  
O the sad story!

I am a cradle  
Rocked by a hand  
In the hollow of a crypt:  
Silence, silence!

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